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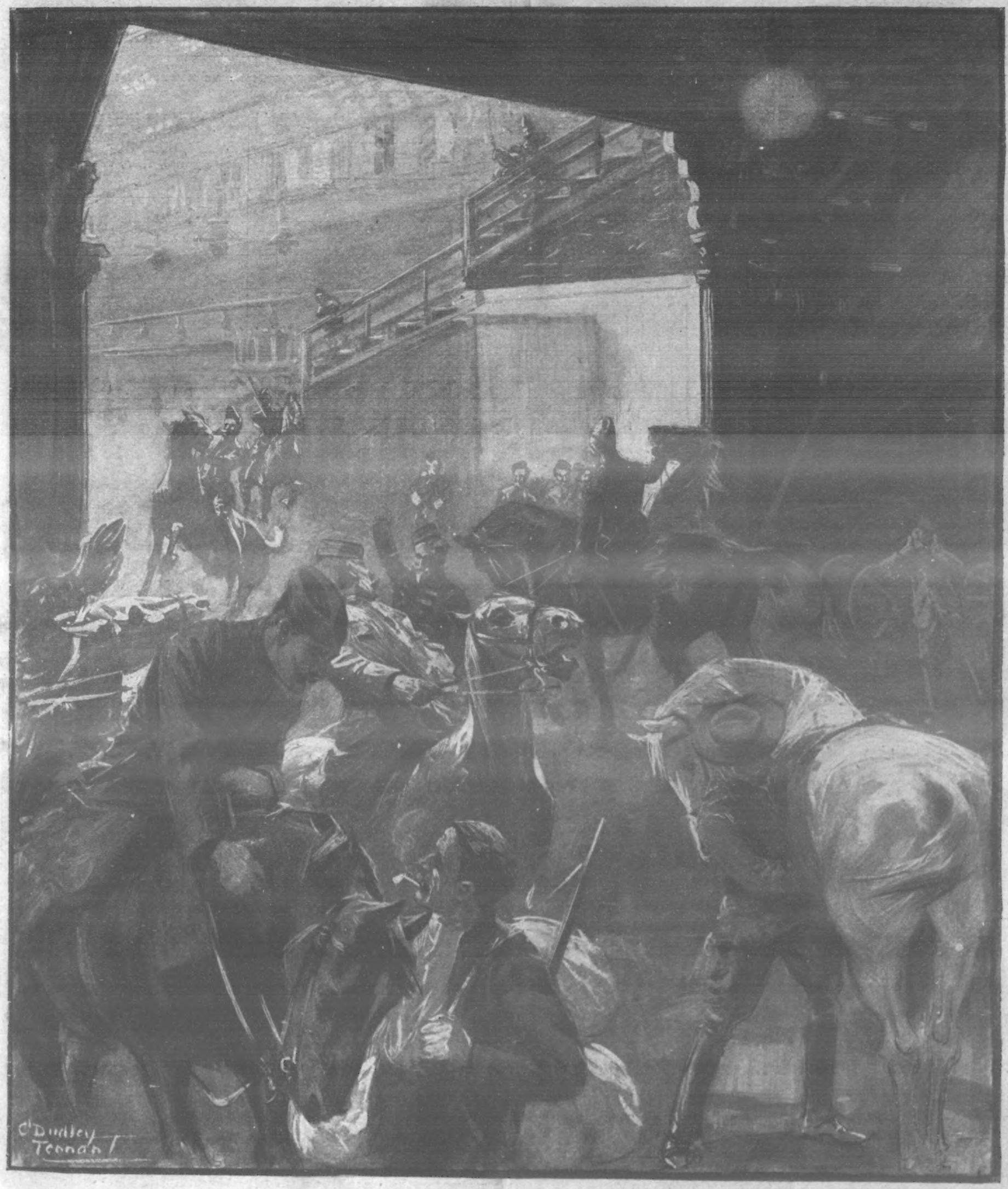
MAN-HUNTING WITH BLOODHOUNDS.



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TALK OF LONDON

Welding the British Empire.

THAT was a great speech which Mr. Chamberlain made last week, great because he publicly voiced what is speedily becoming recognised as an urgent national requirement—namely, better and more advantageous trading with our Colonies. Colonial trade reciprocity is really the final answer to advocates of both Free Trade and Protection, it being indeed the Golden Mean. There has, of course, been the usual crop of criticism of the speech, but nothing I have seen or heard is likely to shake my faith in Mr. Chamberlain's policy. One thing is very significant, and that is that the German Press is in something like a state of dismay about the matter. To my mind this speaks volumes in support of the Colonial Secretary. His speech was mainly for the betterment of our commercial relations with the Colonies, and if his suggested methods affright the Germans, who with the Americans are our keenest commercial rivals, why, there is only one inference to draw. We must push on with this new tariff scheme; it's a good thing.

Our Soldiers.

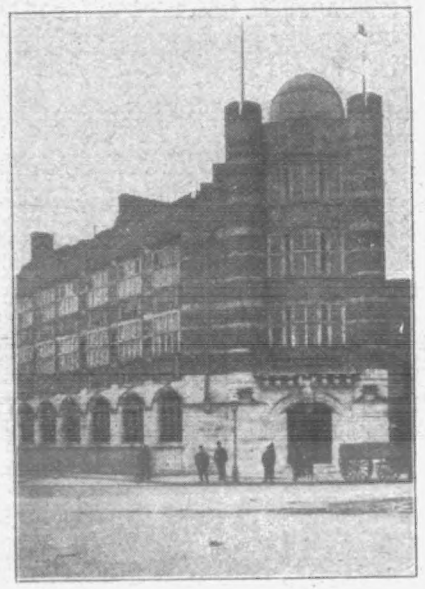
According to an evening paper, Mr. Labouchere's journal, *Truth*, waxes very funny over the "little Brodricks." A representative of that journal who has seen these interesting creatures in their haunts—namely, at a depôt near London, describes them as "propping themselves up against the walls, or playing marbles or peg-top. He describes them as the most weedy, undersized, and underfed lot of boys he ever set eye

SEEN AT EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION: AN EGYPTIAN FAMILY POSING UNDER THEIR CAMEL-HAIR TENT IN THE ASSOUAN VILLAGE.

Photo. Stuvier.

THE OLD BURIAL-GROUND OF BRIDEWELL PRISON IN DORSET STREET, SALISBURY SQUARE,

WHICH WAS UNDER DISCUSSION IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS LAST WEEK.



THE SAILORS' PALACE AT LIMEHOUSE,

OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON WEDNESDAY LAST.

Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

SOUTH LONDON'S NEW ELECTRIC TRAM-CARS: THE PRINCE OF WALES DRIVING THE FIRST CAR IN WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD.

THE VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO EDINBURGH.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

upon. As evidence of their boyishness, he was told that, when sharply reprimanded for any fault, the 'Brodricks' not infrequently burst into tears, and as soon as they draw their pay they rush off to spend it on toffee or hardbake."

I may be very dense, but I cannot see where the "funny" part comes in. To me the paragraph seems nothing more than a gratuitous insult to the King's soldiers. They may be young, but they are none the worse for that, and to grow older is quite the easiest thing in the world. They may even be weedy and undersized, but I have heard of little men doing as great and brave things as big men. Mr. Labouchere, I believe, is not a giant, but, no doubt, had he embraced the Army as a profession, he would have proved himself just as good a soldier as many a six-footer. Anyway, I think the remarks of *Truth* regarding our soldiers were quite uncalled for.

Photo. Fish Moore.

JAMES CHRESBEAN,

WHO DIED ON MAY 11, AGED 103.

Mr. Chresbean lived in Canterbury. He well remembered George III.'s Jubilee. His father served with Wellington at Waterloo.

From Yokohama.

The latest thing, I read in the *Evening News*, comes from Yokohama, where it was started by an Englishwoman. It is known as the "Nighty and Pillow-case Dance." It is a domino ball, to which, instead of wearing fancy dress and dominoes, all the guests come dressed in their nightdresses with pillow-cases made of thin batiste drawn over their faces, holes being cut for eyes, mouth, and nose. Each invitation-card is furnished with a number, which the guest wears pinned on his or her costume, so that the host and hostess know whom they are entertaining. At midnight all unpillow-case, and prizes are awarded to those clever folk who have guessed the identity of the largest number present.

Fancy that! What an intellectual pastime! When these grown-up children are tired of the new rage, I would suggest that they apply their minds to "Honey-Pots" or "General Post." "Tiddleywinks" might perhaps come later, but it is unwise to tax the brain too much.

Photo. Lazarnick.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S TOUR: ADDRESSING A MEETING IN A COUNTRY TOWN.

How to be Happy though—Indoors.

Through all the pitiless rain and thunder of last week-end I was in the highest spirits. Fortune favoured me in the shape of one of the "jolliest" books I have seen for many a day. "Love and a Cottage" it is called; and the author is Mr. Keble Howard, well known to *Sketch* readers as "Chicot." His new book deals with a honeymoon in the lightest and brightest way imaginable. It made me laugh aloud many times and kept me chuckling all the way through, and I can assure you few books bring me such luxuries nowadays. If you do enjoy a really humorous story you will like this one. Three-and-sixpence is the price, and Mr. Grant Richards is the publisher.

Preston's New M.P.

Mr. John Kerr, who succeeds the late Mr. Hanbury as member for Preston, is of Scottish parentage. He is fifty years of age and was educated at St. Andrews and Glasgow Universities. He is an engineer, and has been all his business life associated with the profession, more especially in connection with the building and equipment of tramways. He is the principal member of the firm of Dick, Kerr, and Co., of Kilmarnock and Preston, in which latter town the firm has founded during the last five years large electrical equipment and tram works, employing at the present time between 1500 and 2000 men. Mr. Kerr is a magistrate for East Lothian, is a sportsman, and is also fond of agricultural pursuits, and interested in the breeding of hackneys, of which he has been an exhibitor. At the General Election of 1900 Mr. Kerr contested Haddingtonshire against the Right Hon. Richard Haldane, K.C., but was defeated by 378 votes on a total poll of 4958. Mr. Kerr is a very wealthy man, having made a big fortune out of his business. His acts of philanthropy are many, though his charity does not find the large amount of advertisement which similar acts on the part of other men do.

London's Population.

The report by the statistical officer of the London County Council upon the Registrar-General's Preliminary Report on the Census of 1901 has just been issued. Some of the facts set out in detail are interesting. The females in London exceeded the males by 252,371, there being 1118 females to every 1000 males, as against 1116 for every 1000 at the census of 1891. The proportion in the whole of England and Wales is not yet available for 1901, but in 1891 there were 1064 females to 1000 males. In considering the excess of females over males, account must be taken of the large number of female domestic servants who are brought into London from the country, and, on the other hand, the increase in the proportion of males owing to the presence of soldiers in barracks, etc., and the large number of male alien immigrants. The only cases in which the males are in excess of the females are the City of London and the boroughs of Stepney, Woolwich, and Poplar. In the City the excess is due to the large number of male assistants living in drapery establishments; in the cases of Stepney and Poplar the excess is accounted for by the greater number of male alien immigrants; and in Woolwich it is due partly to the garrison and also in part to the large number of men employed at the Arsenal at the date of the Census. If drapers are excluded from the calculation in the City, foreign-born in Stepney and Poplar, and the inmates of the barracks, etc., in Woolwich, the number of females is in each case greater than the number of males, except in Woolwich.

The greatest excess of females is in the boroughs of Hampstead (59 per cent.), Kensington (55 per cent.), Paddington (34 per cent.), and St. Marylebone (30 per cent.). In Hampstead the excess is especially marked after the age of 18. At the ages of 19, 20, 21 to 25, and 25 to 30, there are more than twice as many females as males. In each of these boroughs there is a large number of female domestic servants; and in St. Marylebone there is also a large number of dressmakers.

One of the tables shows the age-distribution of the population at each Census from 1851 to 1891, and the most noticeable fact brought out is the great decrease in the proportion of children. Thus, the proportion at each age period under 20 is less in 1901 than in 1891, while above that age the 1901 proportion is in every case greater than in 1891. At the periods 0 to 5, 5 to 10, and 10 to 15 the proportion in 1901 is less than at any Census since 1861, while at all ages above 45 years the proportion is greater in 1901 than at any of the previous Censuses. This result is contributed to both by decreased birth rate and decreased death rate, both the death rate and birth rate in 1901 being the lowest on record.—THE GOSSIP.

Photo. Russell.

MR. CHARLES JARROTT,

WHO WAS "FIRST IN" IN THE GLASGOW TO LONDON NON-STOPPING MOTOR TRIAL.

Photo. Art Reproduction Co.

SOUTH LONDON'S NEW TRAMS: INTERIOR OF THE CAR IN WHICH THE ROYAL PARTY RODE TO TOOTING.

SOUTH LONDON'S NEW ELECTRIC TRAMS: AN INTERIOR VIEW OF AN ORDINARY CAR.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO HULL.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

ROYALTY in Town.—The King and Queen returned from Scotland towards the end of last week, and His Majesty immediately caused a letter to be written by Lord Balfour of Burleigh thanking all concerned for the affectionate and loyal greetings extended during the visit. Before leaving Scotland the King conferred the honour of a baronetcy upon Mr. John Ure Primrose, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and a knighthood upon Mr. John Shearer, Chairman of the Parks Committee. On Saturday last the King held a Levée at Buckingham Palace, and afterwards visited the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. On Friday the Prince and Princess of Wales visited South London to open formally the new electric tram service constructed by the L.C.C. H.R.H. mounted to the top of one of the new cars, and was bowled along for a considerable portion of the route.

South Africa and Chinese Labour.—A largely attended meeting was held in the Theatre at Pretoria last Saturday to protest against the introduction of Chinese labour, and it was unanimously resolved to request the Government to check the influx of Asiatics immediately. Mr. Greenlees said he believed the Government would not decide the question until they heard the voice of the people through their Elective Legislative Council. The meeting is described as the most representative and most enthusiastic gathering ever held in Pretoria.

The Crisis in the Balkans.—The Bulgarian Cabinet has resigned, and Prince Ferdinand has accepted the Ministers' decision, and sent for M. Petkoff, leader of the Stamboulоff party. It is probable that a coalition Cabinet will be formed. Prince Ferdinand has taken a firm attitude in regard to the Macedonian question, and told the Ministerial Council that the Government must do everything to remove suspicion that Bulgaria is supporting the Macedonian Committees. Demonstrations against the Prince in consequence have been frequent, and there have been skirmishes between the people and the police, as a result of which strong precautions have been taken for the protection of the Prince's person. Meanwhile, the Turkish troops have been meeting with resistance from armed bands of Albanian peasantry, and several fights have occurred. Cannon were used against the Albanians, who, however, displayed the utmost bravery, and in some cases captured the guns used against them. Prince Ferdinand's position is considered extremely awkward, but he will, it is understood, endeavour to maintain it by appointing a Military Cabinet under General Paprikow.

THE FLAT TRAGEDY IN PARIS.

Trouble in Tetuan.—During the week there has been renewed fighting in Tetuan between the rebels and the troops of the Sultan of Morocco. Reinforcements for the Sultan ultimately arrived in a British steamer, and entered Tangier without difficulty. A later dispatch from Melilla states that the Sultan's troops have inflicted a crushing defeat upon the rebels in Tetuan, and that the powerful tribe of Beni Suwassen has now declared against the Pretender.

Somaliland.—Mr. St. John Brodrick, Minister for War, has cabled to East London declining the offer of two hundred men of the Kaffrarian Rifles who volunteered for service in Somaliland. Mr. Brodrick stated that he fully appreciated the spirit which dictated the offer, but that General Manning reports that no reinforcements are required at present. In case of necessity, the South Africans' patriotic tender will not be forgotten.

Echo of the Granville Gordon Case.—Proceedings against Lord Granville Gordon on a writ of *habeas corpus* in connection with the disappearance of Lady Gordon and her child, Cicely Margot, terminated during the week, when Mr. Justice Bigham decided in favour of Lord Granville Gordon, who strongly denied that he was in any way concerned in his wife's disappearance, or that he has since known of her whereabouts. Representatives of Mr. Eric Gordon, to whom the child was awarded by order of the Court, are still endeavouring to trace the missing lady and her little girl.

SKETCHES AT KINGSTON POLICE COURT BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST.

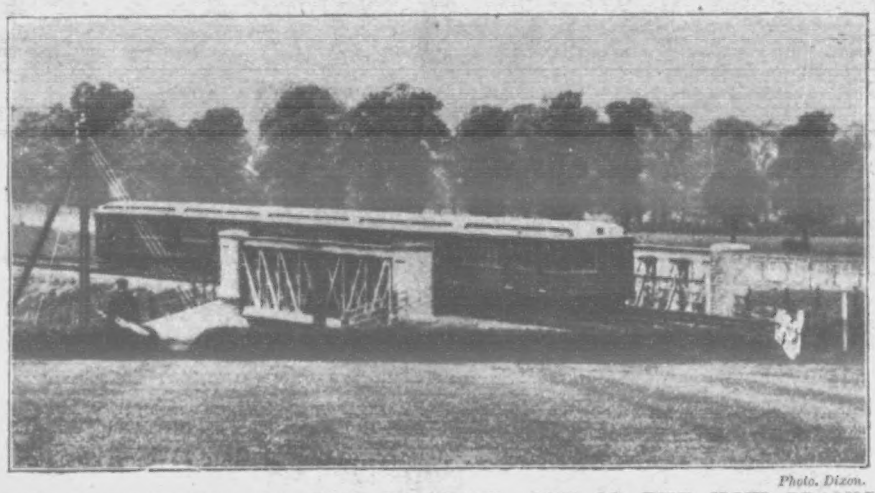


Photo. Dixon.

THE ELECTRIFIED DISTRICT RAILWAY: ONE OF THE NEW TRAINS PASSING OVER A BRIDGE AT HANGER HILL, NEAR EALING.

The Motor Derby.—There is some doubt as to whether Germany will be represented in the race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup, which takes place in Ireland on July 2. Disputes have arisen between the manufacturers and the German Automobile Club as to the drivers of the machines, and it is possible that a deadlock may ensue. Meantime, Mr. Edge, the British holder of the cup, is progressing with the manufacture of the most powerful motor-car the world has yet seen with which to defend his trophy. The car is a Napier of no less than 110-horse power, and Mr. Edge estimates that, on certain sections of the road, he will be able to drive at over 100 miles an hour.

The Military Tournament.—Quite in keeping with its own traditions of excellence is this year's Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, which was opened during the week. The principal feature is a reproduction of the pageantry of the Delhi Durbar, in which hundreds of soldiers representative of the land forces raised in defence of our Indian Empire take part in conjunction with stately elephants and patient camels. The musical ride and the exhibition of bareback riding by men of the Canterbury School win their accustomed applause, and a "handy man's" display by members of the crew of H.M.S. *Excellent* is thoroughly in keeping with the high reputation the show has always borne. On Saturday the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Victoria, Prince Edward and Prince David of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, visited the Hall, where a large and distinguished company had assembled to greet Their Majesties. The King expressed himself highly pleased with this year's exhibition, which remains open until the end of the month.

Murder in a Flat.—At Bow Street on Saturday, Paul Martin, 21, a French subject, was charged on a provisional warrant with the murder of Madame Debrienne in a flat in the Rue Chalgrin, Paris, on May 8. The deceased woman was found strangled in her house, and jewellery to the value of £1000 was missing. Martin was arrested in Glasgow, and Detective-Inspector Sexton, of Scotland Yard, informed the magistrate that some of the stolen jewellery had been recovered in that city. Prisoner, the officer said, made a statement in which he asserted that he did not commit the murder himself, but had been asked by another man to accompany Madame Debrienne to her rooms and leave the outer door open, which he did, afterwards receiving some of the trinkets as reward. A remand was ordered pending the arrival of depositions in support of an extradition warrant to France.

MRS. BEDFORD IN THE DOCK AT BOW STREET, CHARGED IN CONNECTION WITH THE "BABY ROMANCE."

The "Umbria" Dynamite Scare.—Inspector McClusky, who is in charge of the bomb outrage case which, readers will remember, was an attempt to destroy the R.M.S. *Umbria* by means of a box containing a hundred pounds of dynamite sent on board as the steamer was about to leave New York, has succeeded in tracing the perpetrator of the affair. He is a man named Rosseau, and it is conjectured that he has, for the time being, escaped arrest by boarding one of the Transatlantic liners under an assumed name. The inspector stated on Saturday that, although he might possibly have a long chase after his man, he felt certain of ultimately catching him. Rosseau, it is supposed, worked entirely without accomplices, and used the Mafia Society merely as a blind.

Thames Ditton Tragedy.—A verdict of wilful murder against William Joseph Tuffin and Mary Stone was returned by the coroner's jury which inquired last week into the death of Catherine Tuffin, wife of the male

THE EASTBOURNE DIVORCE CASE: SKETCHES BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

Photo. Sturdee.

AFTER THE GREAT FIRE AT COMMERCIAL ROAD, PIMLICO.

IT WAS AT THIS FIRE THAT FOUR HUNDRED SOLDIERS KEPT THE STREETS CLEAR WITH FIXED BAYONETS.

defendant. It will be remembered that the deceased woman's body was found frightfully hacked about the head lying on a bed in a house at Alexandra Road, Thames Ditton. Percival Augustus Griffin, brother of the deceased, said he was told by Tuffin that his sister was dead and buried; but when he asked to be shown the grave, he was put off with excuses. Finding that no one of the name of Tuffin had been buried in the cemetery pointed out, he communicated with the police, who, on entering the house lately occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Tuffin, found the body as related. When the accused couple were brought before the magistrates at Kingston on Saturday an enormous crowd assembled, and gave free vent to their feelings by hooting and the throwing of missiles at the two prisoners. After formal evidence by the police and the doctors who conducted the post-mortem examination, a further remand was granted.

The Ocean Tragedy.—The three German sailors charged with murdering the captain and six of the crew of the barque *Veronica* on the high seas last December, were sentenced to death at Liverpool last week. The prisoners were Ernest Monsson (eighteen), Gustav Rau (twenty-eight), and Wilhelm Smith (thirty); and Rau and Smith elected to give evidence. Rau accused the lad Flohr, who had said he was compelled under threats of murder to take an active part in the crime, of having made trouble with the crew. Rau said he had never quarrelled with the murdered man "Paddy" Doran, nor did he enter into a plot to kill the officers. Rau denied killing Doran with a belaying-pin, and also that he sent the coolie with an axe into the cabin where the captain and second mate were imprisoned. He had no revolver, and it was Flohr who shot the captain. All he did, said Rau, was to take part in driving the chief mate overboard. The jury took only fifteen minutes to consider their verdict. They recommended Monsson to mercy on account of his youth and previous good character. The prisoners received the sentence unmoved.

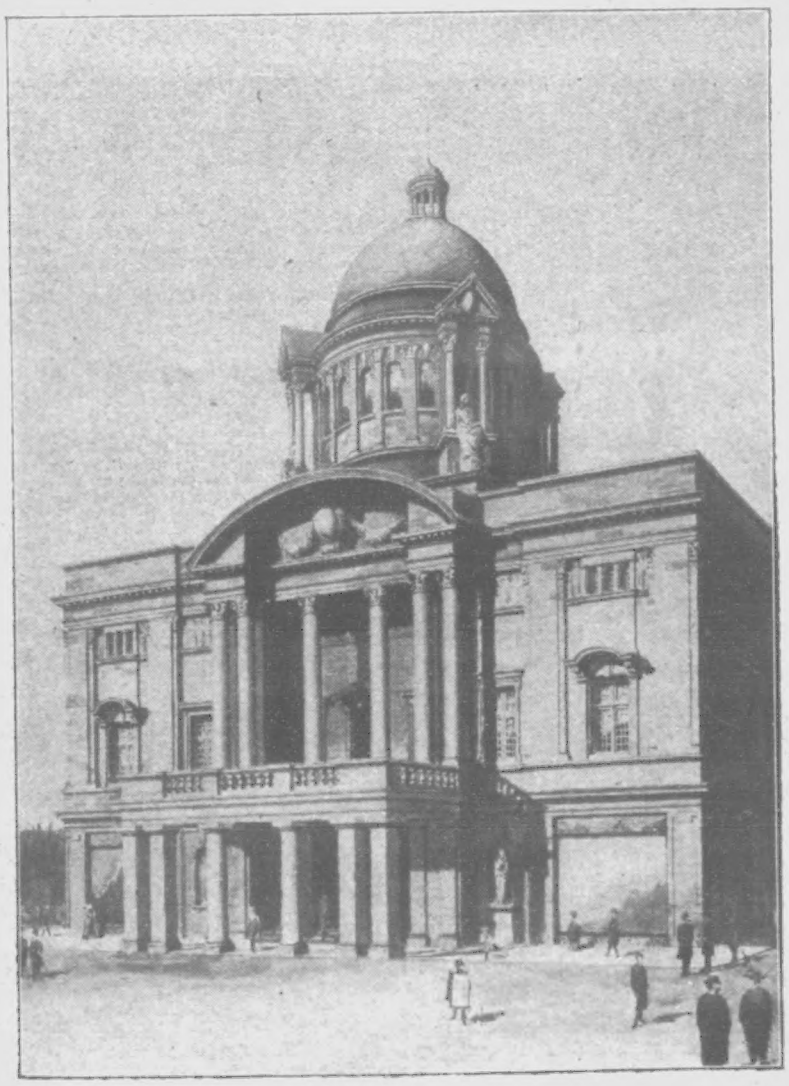
The Moat Farm Murder.—The inquest on the remains of the late Miss C. C. Holland, of the Moat Farm, Saffron Walden, terminated last week, the jury's verdict being that they found the deceased Miss Holland to have been murdered at half-past six on the afternoon of May 19, 1899, by Samuel Herbert Dougal. Dougal, who appeared fully to grasp the significance of the verdict, at once rose to his feet, and in a clear and steady voice said: "Gentlemen, I am an innocent man." He was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant, and later in the week the police-court charge was proceeded with. The only evidence of importance was given by Kate Cranwell, formerly servant at the Farm, who said she had seen a revolver about the house, and that she remembered its being used to start the competitors at the Coronation sports last year. A further remand was then granted by the magistrates.

The Cavendish Case.—Judgment was this week given in the remarkable case in which Mr. H. S. H. Cavendish asked the Court of Chancery to set aside a voluntary settlement made in November 1901, whereby the whole of plaintiff's fortune was vested in Major Strutt, his wife, and their solicitor. Readers of these columns will remember that the hearing of the case lasted for nearly three weeks, and that one of its most remarkable features was the allegation that Mr. Cavendish had been induced to make the settlement by means of alleged communications with the spirit world, obtained through an instrument called "Planchette." Mr. Justice Byrne, in giving his decision, which had been long delayed, held that the plaintiff had not been fairly advised as to what he was doing at the time he executed the deed. The settlement must therefore be set aside. His Lordship went on to make some caustic remarks upon the case, pointing out that Major Strutt, an experienced man of the world, was very much older than Mr. Cavendish, over whom he appeared to have exerted a great influence. On the question of costs Mr. Justice Byrne decided that both Major Strutt and Dr. Ranger were liable for the costs of the action, including the costs of co-defendants other than Mrs. Strutt. Mrs. Cavendish (Miss Isabel Jay) was not present in court to hear the decision, but in referring to her his Lordship remarked that Mr. Cavendish was fortunate in having so talented and clever a wife, who might be expected to look well after his affairs in the future.

In the Divorce Court.—Before Mr. Justice Bucknill and a common jury last week the petition of Mr. Herbert H. Frowd, a dairyman of Eastbourne, for divorce by reason of the alleged misconduct of his wife with a furniture-dealer named Sydney Wenham, came on for hearing. Mr. Bargrave Deane, for the petitioner, said the parties were married on April 28, 1876, at Brighton, and subsequently went to Eastbourne to live. Mr. and Mrs. Frowd were both cyclists, and were in the habit of going for long rides together. One of the members of the club to which they belonged was a man named Dyer, and in the spring of 1892 Mrs Frowd and Dyer admitted misconduct. This the husband condoned; but subsequently he had suspicions, and Dyer informed him that his wife was too intimate with the co-respondent, Wenham. Both Mrs. Frowd and Mr. Wenham in the witness-box denied that any impropriety had taken place between them. The Judge, in reviewing the evidence, said the case was a most remarkable one. The conduct of Dyer was thoroughly bad and vile throughout, that of an infamous person, and he must leave the jury to determine the facts of the case. The jury, after three-quarters of an hour's deliberation, found that Mrs. Frowd and Mr. Wenham had not been guilty of misconduct, and his Lordship dismissed the petition with co.ts.

Great Jewel Robbery.—Mrs. Pierre Lorillard junior, wife of the eldest son of the great American tobacco millionaire, has been robbed of jewels valued at £8000. The lady travelled from Paris to London viâ Calais on May 12, and the case was put in a dressing-bag, which was in charge of the lady's two maids. On arrival in London the jewels were found to be missing, and the authorities of Scotland Yard were at once communicated with. It is believed the theft was effected by an accomplished gang of train thieves who have recently infested the chief Continental lines, but no trace of the stolen property has yet been discovered.

"Man-Hunting" by Bloodhounds.—Several interesting trials of tracking men by bloodhounds took place on Salisbury Plain last Saturday. The first pair of dogs were started at nine o'clock in the morning on the scent of a man who had gone out a good hour ahead. They struck the human trail immediately, and raced along at fine speed with head down and tail erect. The huntsmen were astonished at the way they led the field. Soon, however, the mystery was to be explained. 'Larks Hill, a patch of tents, where a number of khaki-clad men were busily employed manœuvring field-guns and saddling horses, came into view. The trail ran straight towards the tents, and in a few moments dogs and huntsmen were in the midst of what proved to be a field-artillery camp. As the *Express* remarked, Mr. Brodrick's missing Army Corps had been found at last! This achievement being deemed sufficient for any pair of bloodhounds, they were taken off the scent. The remainder of the trials were highly successful.



HULL'S NEW PUBLIC HALL,

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF WHICH WAS LAID LAST WEEK BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

DR. IBSEN continues in a very feeble state, and may be expected to expire at any moment. No hope of his eventual recovery is entertained, but the newspapers of Christiania do not publish particulars, out of respect to his family.

A number of managers and actors emphatically protest against the Bill in Parliament respecting "Children on the Stage." Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Tree, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Collins, Mr. Saunders, and others add their testimony as to the kindness with which the little folks are treated on the stage in pantomime and other performances. Having attended scores of dress rehearsals myself, I can bear witness to the truth of these statements. A few years ago at the rehearsal of "The Armada," at Drury Lane, the late Sir Augustus Harris engaged nearly four hundred children, and in the midst of the rehearsal he called out, "Open the bars and give the children some refreshment." I can never forget what a merry scene it was when the juveniles crowded the refreshment saloon munching cakes and buns and drinking tea, lemonade, ginger-beer, etc., Sir Augustus stimulating the efforts of the attendants to help the children by practical suggestions, and frequently helping a batch of voracious youngsters himself.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt has completed her arrangements for her season at the Adelphi. In the earlier portion of the campaign she will appear in "Fédora," "Frou-Frou," "La Tosca," and "Andromache." A little later the famous French actress will be seen in "La Dame aux Camélias," and in a French version of Mr. Pinero's "Iris." Still later will come "Plus que Reine," and "Werther." The concluding weeks have still to be arranged, and will probably include two or three examples of the modern Parisian stage. At all events, admirers of the French drama will have ample means of enjoying Madame Bernhardt's finished art and refined and intellectual style.

At the Royal General Theatrical Fund dinner at the Hotel Metropole on Thursday, Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the chair, the toast of "The Drama" was proposed by Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P., and responded to by Mr. Pinero. Mr. Ganz, assisted by many eminent artists, undertook the musical arrangements.

That delightful actress, Miss Lottie Venne, is to have a benefit matinée at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on June 23. It ought to be a bumper, for it is the first benefit Miss Venne has ever had in her long and brilliant career.

Four performances in aid of the "Fresh Air Fund" are to be given shortly at the Great Queen Street Theatre, the performers being all amateurs, who will play in the popular musical comedy "Florodora." THE PROMPTER.

Photo. Bassano.

MISS EMILIE HERVE,

WHO HAS BEEN ACTING AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT: "THE MEDAL AND THE MAID."—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

The Dangers of Catarrh.

The great danger in Catarrh rests in the fact that most people look upon the trouble as a chronic cold. In a way, this is correct; for the onset of nasal catarrh can generally be traced to a beginning in an obstinate cold, or succession of colds, in the head. The error comes in the tendency to neglect the disease, on the supposition that it is only a cold, and will disappear in time. The neglected cold becomes a chronic catarrh, which, according to the predisposition of the sufferer, may destroy the sense of taste, smell, and hearing, and may attack the throat, lungs, or stomach. The most interesting question to the catarrh patient, however, is how to get rid of the disease. Operations and cauterisations of the nose are generally advised; but the Editor of the "Review of Ear, Nose, and Throat Diseases" shows that there is another method of cure (painless and capable of home cure), and publishes with the April "Review" a "Supplement," containing full details of a large number of cases cured by this new method. A free copy of the "Review," with "Supplement," can be obtained by addressing the Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. Another special feature of the "Review" is the enclosure of a Patient's Report Form, for the benefit of those who wish advice, for which no fee is charged, if given by correspondence. The Editor advises patients, however, when possible, to visit the Drouet Institute for a personal consultation with the medical staff. Consulting hours are—in the morning, 10 to 12, and in the afternoon, 2 to 4, weekdays only. A fee of five shillings is charged for personal consultation.

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

WE have not yet got the style of play that would induce the rabid advocates of the wider wicket to press their ideas further. Big scores have been the exception rather than the rule, and though one or two centuries have come along, the bowlers have cause to rub their hands.

One of the smartest innings played at the back-end of last week was the 102 by Ernest Hayes for Surrey against Worcestershire. Brockwell backed him well up with 51, and Hayward made 31. Worcester followed with a disjointed kind of effort, for Arnold (not out, 67) and H. K. Foster made 102 between them out of a total of 140. Then Surrey compiled 108 at their second attempt, with E. Wiltshire top-scorer with 33.

For the last innings Worcester were set 204 to get to win, and though H. K. Foster and Bowley reduced this number by 27 without being separated, it is extremely doubtful whether the Midlanders would have got the necessary number had the rain held off. It must not be forgotten that the Surrey bowlers had to "trundle" with a wet ball, and, moreover, Foster gave an easy chance which young Jackson missed owing to slipping over on the greasy turf.

Jackson, I am pleased to say, has achieved further successes since my last, and he looks like having much the better of the argument with his detractors. Montgomery is another who promises to be more than useful to Surrey. He is skilful and very keen without being ostentatious. Then there are E. Wiltshire and Clode, both of whom did remarkably well at Worcester, the amateur at last showing the sterling cricket which had long been expected of him. Surrey may not have quite the material to win the county championship, but they will not do so badly this season as some carping critics would have us believe.

At any rate, the new blood was more successful than the old on Monday, when Essex were encountered at the Oval. Brockwell and Hayward had no terrors for the Eastern County batsmen, whereas Jackson, Clode, and Montgomery got wickets. The last-named had the misfortune to injure his hand in attempting a very difficult catch offered by Perrin, and he had to retire for the day, Sewell fielding for a time until Davis came to his relief. Davis had the satisfaction of bringing off a fine catch which got rid of Perrin, whose 43 was the highest score of a rather dreary day at the Oval.

Essex had a bad time with Yorkshire at Leyton, and lost by 261 runs. They were losers all the way, and they knew it, judging from their play, although I must say that I admired the pluck of Kortright, who set an excellent example of up-hill play to his team. Buckenham has come off better than he did last year, and Tremlin did well; but, compared with the Yorkshire attack, the Essex men are out of the hunt.

Rain caused the matches between Lancashire and Warwickshire at Manchester, and Gloucestershire and Notts at Bristol, to be abandoned. The former game was left in an even state, but Gloucester would almost certainly have beaten Notts had play gone on. A feature of this latter game was the "stonewalling" of G. L. Jessop, who surprised everybody by forsaking his usual aggressive tactics for defensive methods. This serves to show that the Gloucester captain can be steady when the situation requires.

By far the best innings played in the early part of this week was the 130 scored by Willie Quaife on Monday against Leicestershire. Like Jessop on Saturday, he altered his usual style, and from extreme caution he turned on the tap of confidence and hit with surprising freedom. Len Braund also scored a century for "Sammy" Woods' team against Liverpool and District, but this will not be reckoned in the first-class fixtures.

William Gunn is by no means a spent force, although he is not in the best of health at present—a remark which unfortunately also applies to his old-time colleague, Arthur Shrewsbury. Gunn came out with a great effort of 81, compiled in faultless style, and his driving and cutting appear to be as good as in his palmiest days. C. B. Fry came next in point of excellence, and in spite of indisposition the old Oxonian will give us plenty of material to write about this year.

Left-handed bowlers are going strong this season. Rhodes and Hirst for Yorkshire, Hargreave for Warwickshire, Clode and Jackson for Surrey, and Young for Essex have already given proof of being in deadly form. Another recruit has come along in the person of Cuffe, a left-hander from New South Wales, who was given a trial for Worcestershire against Oxford University. How he will turn out cannot be said, for, although given a fair trial, he failed to secure a wicket on Monday.

GOLF.

Both J. H. Taylor and Harry Vardon have shown splendid form this year, and their 36 holes match at Folkestone last Saturday aroused much enthusiasm. Taylor proved to be in wonderful fettle, and, though Vardon played so well as to beat the previous record (74) for the course, he was altogether left in the rear by Taylor, who won by 9 holes up and 8 to play. The scores at the second round were: Taylor, 66; Vardon, 73.

Many of the scratch players in the Parliamentary tournament at Rye showed fine form, and the only disappointing feature was the scratching of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, who gave the old Cambridge and Middlesex cricketer, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, a walk-over in the second round.

The Amateur Championship was begun on Monday at Muirfield, on which course many of the competitors had had good practice in the shape of "preliminary canters" last Saturday. Messrs. Robert Maxwell, John Ball junior, S. H. Fry, H. Hilton, H. Holden, L. Balfour-Melville, and J. Graham junior were among the celebrities getting their hands in. The entries numbered 142, which is a record, and play on five days was necessitated for the first time in the history of the competition.

THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP AT RYE:
MR. MARSHALL HALL, K.C., M.P., DRIVING AT THE THIRD TEE.

PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP: MR. C. E. HAMBRO, M.P., "APPROACHING."

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

I was extremely pleased to hear that the A.A.A., at their meeting last Saturday, had passed A. Shrubb's four-miles running record of 19 min. 31 3-5 sec., made at Brighton on Oct. 25 last year. It was a marvellously fine performance, and everybody will wish the popular long-distance athlete further success. We shall see him cutting more records before he retires, providing, of course, he keeps well.

There were two fresh motor-cycle records set up at the Glasgow Merchants' sports at Celtic Park last Saturday, the well-known Londoner, Harry Martin, beating previous bests for five miles and one mile. At the longer distance he did 6 min. 0 1-5 sec., and, later in the day, he went for the mile, which he covered in 1 min. 11 2-5 sec. Both times are the fastest made in Great Britain.

A very promising youngster was seen at Herne Hill last Saturday when the Mercers' School sports were held. This is F. N. Evans, who carried off the sprint, the quarter-mile, the half-mile, and the long-jump, and easily won the championship medal of the school. On the same afternoon at Stamford Bridge the Inter-College Championship Shield was annexed by St. John's College, who wrested the trophy from Borough Road College. J. Harris took the quarter-mile in 55 2-5 sec., and J. George the half-mile in 2 min. 7 1-5 sec., for the winners, and the best performers for Borough Road were W. Craig, who won the mile in 4 min. 49 2-5 sec., the long-jump with 19 ft. 5 in., and the high-jump at 5 ft. 1 in.

Walking races have caught on since the Stock Exchange affair, and even the newspaper fraternity have been stirred into enthusiasm, a race being fixed for June 13. It was suggested at first to call the event the Press Walk, but that was obviously a misnomer, and now it is to be known as the Newspaper Trades Walk. I have seen it stated that K. S. Ranjitsinhji will be a competitor, but whether he will start is problematical.

Chief among last Saturday's races was the Surrey Club's eight and a quarter miles walk at South Croydon. This fell to G. W. Combes, who, with 13 min. start, got over the ground in 1 hour 13 min. 34 sec. A fifteen miles race between Snaresbrook and Epping was held by the Anglo-French Exploration Company, R. Sparkes winning the scratch race in 2 hours 33 min., while W. Orange secured handicap honours. Another fifteen miles race was promoted by the Metropolitan Railway clerks, from Amersham to Aylesbury, and the winner here was Boyce in 2 hours 38 min. 15 sec. The sealed handicap prize was won by Short. Thirty competitors took part in a race from Burton to Birmingham, and twenty-nine of them covered the thirty miles in less than six hours, C. R. Hollis proving the best of the bunch. His time was 5 hours 2 min. F. W. Stringer did an excellent performance in the Harrods A.C. walk from Fenchurch Street to Southend (via Brentwood), completing the distance in 8 hours 48 min.

ROWING.

There is a lack of enthusiasm among hospital rowing men at the present time, and the annual four-oared challenge cup race over the Putney to Mortlake course for London hospital students ended this year in a "row-over" for St. George's, whose second crew, singularly enough, also rowed over for the junior challenge cup. The senior four was made up as follows: W. H. R. Streatfeild (bow), J. T. Douglass, T. Drysdale, G. Moore (stroke), J. C. Hall (cox).

The Lowe Double Sculls at Cambridge last week-end were easily won by R. H. Nelson and P. H. Thomas; and now only the Summer Eights remain to be decided on June 10-13. Both Nelson and Thomas have had a triumphal career in rowing since they went up to Cambridge, the former especially so. He has three times rowed against Oxford, and has been successful in the Magdalene Pairs, the Colquhoun Sculls, and the Coxswainless Fours.

News of Charles ("Wag") Harding tells of the famous sculler being in a deplorable state of health. The poor fellow has quite broken down, and efforts are being made to raise subscriptions on behalf of his wife and six children. Those who knew him best will willingly lend their aid, which, I am assured, is urgently needed. Harding had gone to Vienna to train a local club, but, of course, the engagement has had to be cancelled

ANGLING.

For a long time past it has been thought advisable to have a national federation of anglers, and it was decided at a meeting held at Birmingham last Saturday to institute such a body. The chief objects are to secure an improvement in the fresh-water fishery laws, to deal with anglers' rights and privileges, and generally to legislate for the "gentle art."

SWIMMING.

Judging by the form shown in their team race and water-polo match against St. Bartholomew's Hospital last Saturday, the Cambridge University swimmers are fairly strong this term. The Light Blues won the 120 yards race, in which four aside took part, by 10 yards, and in the water-polo match the Cantabs were nearly always pressing, Hanschell's goalkeeping alone saving St. Bartholomew's from being heavily defeated. In the first half Kingdon scored for the Cantabs, and subsequently Follitt and Darbishire added other goals, Cambridge thus gaining an easy victory by three goals to nil. BANSHEE.

RACING AT NEWMARKET LAST WEEK: THE START FOR THE WEDNESDAY WELTER HANDICAP.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS—No. XLIII.: CANON KNOX LITTLE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE RACING WORLD.

READERS are entitled by custom to an article on the Derby this week, also to what I may call the corollary of the notes, in the shape of a Derby tip. This year I expect that when the whole collection of licensed tipsters, otherwise newspaper prophets, is collected, we shall find that Rock Sand has been unanimously elected—I mean selected. There may be bold spirits possessing the courage of their opinions plucky enough to furnish exceptions and go for something to beat the favourite; but anyone who has to justify his choice must think many times before going against the book.

I only wish I could feel as confident in another line of forecast and give a plumper for Fine Weather on Derby Day. The vast majority of us will be pleased to see public form vindicated, and Sir James Miller's Two Thousand Guineas winner give him his second blue riband, but every one fortunate enough to be able to spare the time for getting to Epsom is concerned in having pleasant meteorological conditions—in fact, a wet Derby Day is much about the same thing as a national calamity. Really it seems our turn to be well treated in this respect.

Scarcely any racing venue in England is more charming to visit in summer than Epsom's. You catch this particular east of country at its very best when summer has just established its footing. The going is always good, and on the whole, great as their claims are, I think the scene is prettier there than even at Ascot or Goodwood.

No matter what the weather may be, how bad, the attendance on Derby Day never varies very much. A great percentage of those who make use of the rings are practically independent of the weather; and as for the others, their arrangements are made beforehand and they make the best of a bad job. Of course, wet or fine makes all the difference to the spectators' enjoyment; but, in any case, they go, and so they would, I believe, if certain that the big event was to end in a walkover.

Sir James Miller won his first Derby with a ready-made champion, Sanfoin, who was bought from Sir Robert Jardine and Mr. John Porter shortly before the race. Rock Sand is essentially home-made. As regards his ability to carry off the prize, Sir James has no doubt whatever; he does not even fear the Frenchman, who, to my mind, presents the only danger. I said to him at Kempton, when the bogie horses, Acefull and John Porter's Darkie, ran very badly, "That clears the way for Rock Sand"; the owner said he would clear the way himself, a remark which suggested memories of Faugh-a-Ballagh, whose name does mean "clear the way."

I cannot for the life of me see how any of our horses ought to beat Rock Sand. Of course there has been a scare. There always is at or near to this stage of the proceedings. How it is manufactured we do not discover; but annually somebody does manage to start disparaging rumours about the Derby favourite, and its price is consequently eased. Tuesday's newspapers returned Rock Sand at 5 to 4 on, with explanation that bookmakers were desirous of taking those odds. At the time, I could have laid as much level money as I wanted to, and, curiously enough, a deal of a level thousand against Rock Sand was put up to

THE LATE MR. JOHN DAWSON, SEN.,

THE FAMOUS TRAINER, WHO DIED AT NEWMARKET LAST WEEK.

me by a noble peer in the House of Lords that afternoon while we were listening to Lord Durham moving the rejection of Lord Davey's Betting Bill. For

Rock Sand

I must go: there is no choice in the matter.

Blackwell's second string is, I consider, as near a certainty as can be for a place. Anything said in his favour based on the Newmarket Stakes running tells also for the favourite. You certainly may argue that the two public trials in which Rabelais was engaged with the stable tell more for Flotsam than the other. Rock Sand did not defeat Rabelais over the Guineas mile with such consummate ease as did Flotsam in the Newmarket Stakes mile and a quarter gallop. That is so, but at the same time, you cannot get away from the fact that in the first-named public trial Rock Sand beat Flotsam as well as all the rest. For the second string it is claimed that he has improved greatly. He looked to have done so, but it is scarcely in the nature of things that Rock Sand would be standing still all this time.

I hope I am not guilty of anything like disloyalty in saying that I do not like Mead so well as I did. He won the Payne Stakes without being pressed in any way; with his stable companion, Persistence, a better-looking customer, also the property of His Majesty, second. Mead has, I believe, been trained practically all his life with a view to taking the Derby, and, in consequence, I lay very little weight on his Guineas defeat; all the same, give me the horses who have "done it."

If I looked elsewhere for the winner I should put out all ours except *the* one and take Vinicius. We have yet to see how he figures in the Prix du Jockey Club at Chantilly on Sunday, and, in case he is victorious, then he has to run the chances of a journey to Epsom. Arrangements for that trip have been carefully made, and sometimes it does not upset horses in the least. The question is, on which side of the Channel are the best horses? I am not inclined to rank ours very highly as a class, although I think Rock Sand is something out of the common, and it would not take a really good one to beat the rest, nor, of course, our favourite, in case anything went amiss with him. I shall make Vinicius my second choice, conditionally, of course, on his coming satisfactorily out of Sunday's trial.

No doubt the field will be swollen by perhaps unexpected candidates, because owners like to have their colours carried in the Derby; but one cannot well mark any particular talent among the possible starters, and several who had been backed early are likely to be absentees. Kroonstad is a good, honest horse, but scarcely of Derby class, though perhaps next best to those mentioned, in which middle bunch I, of course, include Rabelais. To him no special reference is necessary, as he was considered while writing of Blackwell's pair.

In my own mind, it is any conceivable odds on three: Rock Sand, Flotsam, and Vinicius. The last-named's not coming is just on the cards, but we shall know all about that in good time. As matters stand, I will go for

Rock Sand,
Vinicius,
Flotsam.

I shall have a later opportunity of alluding to the Oaks. At present I best like

Hammerkop.

Lord Davey's Bill, which, I do not hesitate to say, was, whether its promoters conscientiously believed betting to be on a criminal platform or not, a specimen of hateful intolerance and oppression in its intention and concoction, did not pass its first reading in the House of Lords. No better means of showing up the true character of these interferers, who call themselves reformers, could be devised than the publishing broadcast of the text of this stillborn enactment. Any of us, *P.I.P.* readers, who had a twelve-months-old race-card on us, or a pocket-book with a forgotten bet in it, might, if challenged, be searched and proceeded against—not to say convicted—as a rogue and a vagabond had this precious Bill been allowed to become law.

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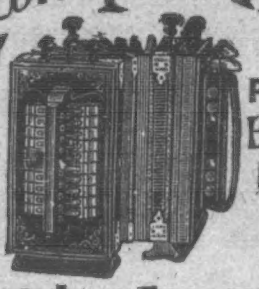
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Photo. Lallie Charles.

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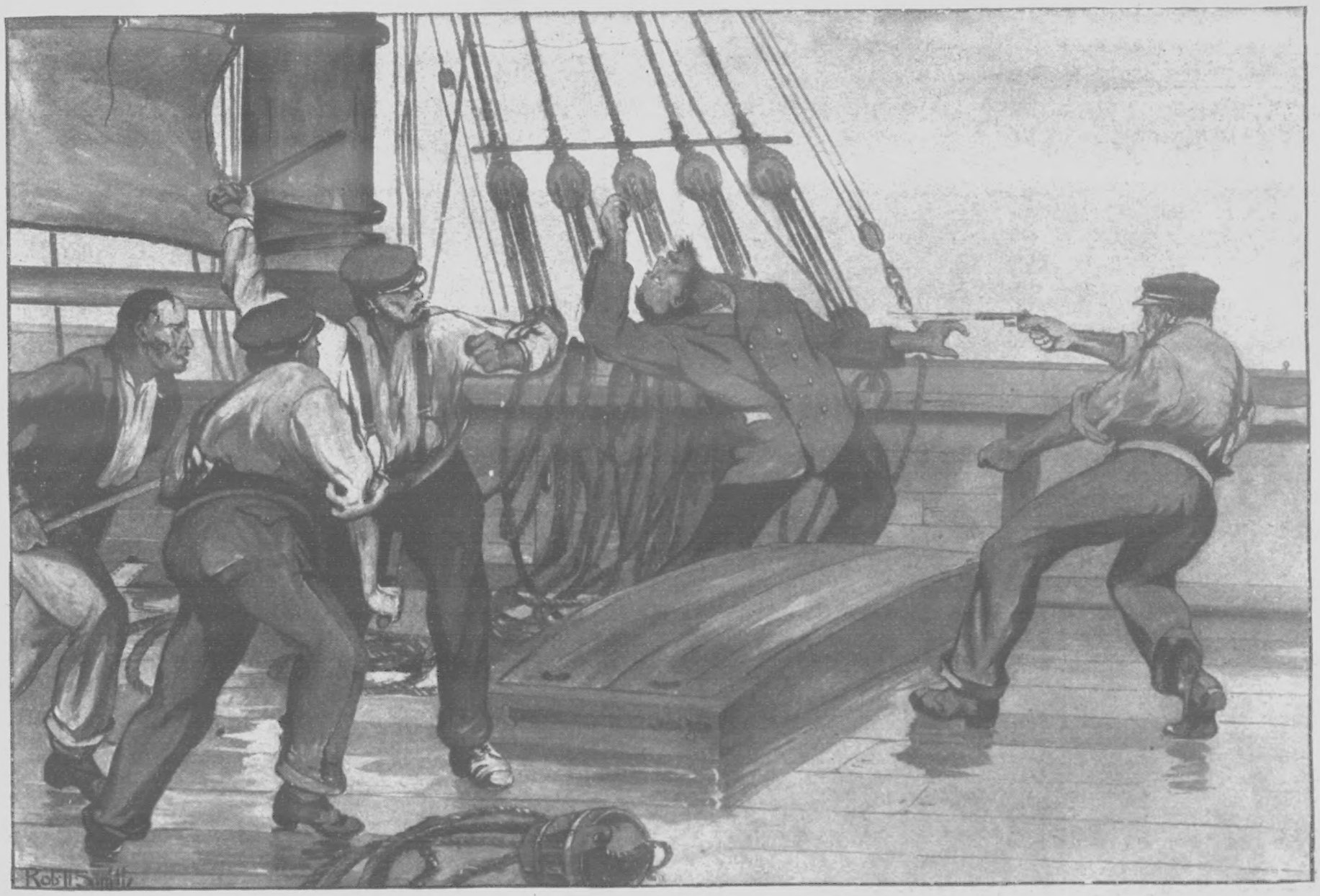
Photo. Langfier.

MISS BILLIE BURKE,

Whose Singing of "Mamie and Her Canoe," in "The School Girl," has Made Such a Hit.

1. The Black Watch giving Three Cheers for King Edward. 2. The Arrival of the King at Edinburgh Castle.
3. A Startling Incident near Dalkeith, where One of the Horses of the Escort became Unmanageable.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND.



THE OCEAN TRAGEDY: THE SHOOTING OF THE CAPTAIN OF THE BARQUE "VERONICA."

For murdering the chief officer and six of the crew, three German sailors were convicted and sentenced to death at Liverpool last week.

(*See "The Week's News."*)

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

BEFORE arranging finally for the best dress for the coming summer, buy the May Fashion Number of the *Lady's Pictorial*. My readers will find in it a complete guide to what is now worn, and what is likely to be worn, during the coming months. Voile and canvas voile are the materials most in vogue. The latter is extremely light in weight and effective in texture; more so than the ordinary voile which we have had provided for us for two years past. A dark-blue canvas voile looks well lined with a lighter and brighter shade of its own colour, or with mauve, or green, or the new champagne tint, which is really a variety of fawn. It is a very pretty and ladylike colour; and a dress made of champagne-coloured voile, and trimmed with lacelike embroidery in dark tan colour, is a charming combination. The toque should be either all black, or it may be trimmed with blush-roses or the small banksia-roses, which are pink and white shaded, and with little bunches of forget-me-nots intermixed. The latter flowers—that is, the small roses and forget-me-nots—would look better perhaps upon a toque of pale tan straw than on a black. The latter might be trimmed with a rosette of

Champagne-Coloured Tulle

to match the dress, and a second rosette of pale pink and very pale blue mixed.

Transparent lace hats are worn this season, and very nice and ladylike they are, especially when worn by young girls, with frocks of pale blue, pink, or mauve. The pelerines and lace stoles are in high favour, and extremely pretty. The prettiest are, unfortunately, copied in cheap material, and they will therefore be very common; but that is the fate of all attractive fashions. Of the make of dresses I have not much to say. They are made closely tucked at the top of the skirt; the tucks or folds end about the knee, and the remainder of the skirt falls full about the feet. Other skirts are gauged at intervals all down the skirt, but this is not a pretty style, and the shaped flounce is not out of favour by any means. Accordion-pleated skirts are worn also, but they are not becoming except to young and very slender figures. A stout woman, no matter how young she may be, looks her worst in an accordion-pleated skirt. At Whiteley's, Limited, very pretty delaine frocks can be bought, made up, for thirty-one shillings and ninepence. The delaines for a shilling and one and sixpence a yard have borders running along one side of the piece which are used as trimming. You have a yard of trimming for every yard of stuff you buy. The white coats which are now so much worn are things of beauty not easily surpassed; but since no woman without a long purse can hope to possess one, she can find comfort in the fact that they will not remain long in vogue. They soil very quickly, and a shower of rain would spoil them.

I think that I mentioned last week, but I am not sure, that there is at present a very

Great Scarcity of Cooks.

The daily papers are full of advertisements for good cooks. Very high wages are offered, and a great deal of help in the kitchen, but there are no replies. The class of girls who used to go out to service now seek other employment, and for the posts that they desire to fill they are not fitted. A girl who would make an excellent housemaid is not fit to be a nursery governess, but the ranks of the latter are filled to overflowing. I think that one reason why servants are so difficult to find is because the mistress of a middle-class home has become too fine to give any help in the house-work, and the "general," or the house and parlour-maid combined, has far more to do every day than she can accomplish. We must remember that even if there are three only in family the house-parlour maid has three bed-rooms to put to rights and dust every day; she has also the drawing-room to see to. The cook may undertake (under protest) the dining-room and the hall, and the hall-door steps, but, unless she is a very early riser her work will not be finished by the time she has to prepare breakfast for the family. Two servants cannot do the work even of a small household without help. There

Ought to be a "Tweeny" Girl,

as they are now called, to help both cook and house-parlour maid. There are boots and knives to clean every day. The idea of ladies to do domestic work is being revived, but I do not think that the plan will succeed. The lady cook would not "wash up," or clean knives and boots; she would require a girl under her to do the "menial" work, and with the menial the lady cook would refuse to take her meals. Where, then, would come in the gain of such an arrangement? A lady who will cook in her own kitchen or do housework in her own house is a very different thing to cooking or housemaiding in the house of another person. There are households in England in which the work is done entirely by ladies who are employed as servants, and their employers say that they are most satisfactory. But I understand that, as long as their work is properly done, no one interferes with the employment of their spare time, and a charwoman is hired for the rough work. But how are these ladies to be trained properly for domestic service? At Brabazon House, Cheltenham, a few ladies can, I believe, be trained properly, but there ought to be schools all over London and the provinces for the purpose, and the fees should be moderate and the teaching first-class. I have so often written about the necessity for the

Proper Training of Women

for work of all kinds that I am sure I need not enlarge upon the subject again. We have more than enough of women who must work for their living, but the majority have not been taught even how to make a bed or sweep a room properly, and when they take the place of housemaid, their mistress, being untrained too, cannot teach them.

Please, my dear "Anxious Mother," do not expect me "to advise" you "seriously" about a "profession" for your boy. He is young still, and has no bent as yet, probably, towards any special employment. You must be guided by his own qualifications. It is of no use to thrust a young lad into a profession that he detests; it never answers. But, as I have said, he is not ready at fourteen to go out into the world.

Another mother who is "very anxious" asks me if I can tell her why her daughter, aged twenty-one, should have refused several good offers of marriage? There are many reasons, I should say. She may be one of those women who do not wish to marry; she may not have cared for any of the men who proposed, and when the right man comes along she will accept him, no doubt. "Very Anxious" need not worry, especially as her husband can afford to supply his wife and children with every possible comfort.

Is it wrong, I am asked, for a girl to marry for a home when she is one of a large family of poor parents? If the man who can give her the home is one whom she can respect, and if she is not in love with another man, she would not be wrong to marry; but she must not do so if she dislikes the man and is not prepared to do her best to make him happy. Some women think only of

Their Own Happiness

when they marry: that the man may be made miserable by his wife's want of consideration never enters their heads. Marriage is not a one-sided arrangement; there must be give and take; and it is very hard indeed upon a man who has been married for what he has rather than what he is to find that the woman whom he has chosen is cold, selfish, and unreasonable. I am afraid that a very large proportion of girls who marry every year do not really love the men they marry. Some of them marry for a home; others from the dread of being old maids; others because they fancy that the married woman has more freedom than the girl. This was true some years back, but I do not think that it is true now. A man marries a certain woman because she has attracted him, and he imagines that he has found his ideal. Too often he is bitterly disappointed, and an

Unhappy Marriage is the Result.

Love has so many counterfeits that it is by no means an easy matter to detect the real amongst so many imitations and shams. Time is the best test. If the affection becomes stronger as the years pass, and when the man feels for the woman and the woman for the man an increase of affection instead of a diminution as their children grow up aroun them, then the love has been from the first the real thing.

Good Rhubarb Fool

is made as follows: Cut about a dozen sticks of good rhubarb, not old and withered, into small pieces. Put them into a wide jar, with three ounces of sugar and one teacupful of water. Set the jar in the oven and leave it until the juice is all extracted. Then beat up the fruit to a pulp and rub it through a sieve. At the very last, stir in a teacupful of cream. The fool should be kept in a cool place up to time for serving.

A very nice supper or breakfast dish is fritters of cod's roe. Take a cod's roe, tie it up in a clean cloth, put it into cold salted water, and let it boil for half an hour. Take it out of the cloth and, when cold, cut it into slices half an inch thick. Dip each slice in egg and bread-crumb, and fry in a bath of boiling fat. Serve on slices of toast very lightly spread over with anchovy paste.

The following verses, which I found recently in a magazine, are very good and suggestive. In them will be found a true definition of "Luck"—

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be,
But never tries his mettle,
Is the boy that's bound to see
His plans all come to failure,
His hopes end in defeat:
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet.

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk.
The men the world calls "lucky"
Will tell you every one,
That success comes not by wishing,
But by hard work, bravely done.

MARGUERITE.

Madame Calve, the great French operatic vocalist, has had an alarming experience which might, and nearly did, prove fatal. Being hoarse on the eve of an important engagement, she applied to her medical adviser, who suggested a few drops of aconite on a lump of sugar. Madame Calvé unfortunately took a teaspoonful, with the result that she became delirious in a few hours, and was almost at the point of death. Although still feeble she is happily recovering, and I hope I shall have the pleasure during the season of hearing her at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

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"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Philosophy of Spraying.

FUNGICIDES must be used as a preventive rather than a cure. Bordeaux mixture is the best and safest fungicide for general use, and is also the cheapest; the application of copper sulphate solution of the strength of 1 lb. in fifteen gallons of water is beneficially used on dormant trees, and at a strength of 1 lb. to two hundred and fifty gallons of water can be safely used on fruit and foliage. For insects which eat the foliage, arsenic in some form is used; the most common form is Paris green, and it can be used without danger if combined with lime; arsenate of lime is much cheaper, more effective, and remains in suspension longer than Paris green. It is prepared by boiling 1 lb. of arsenic and 2 lb. of lime in two gallons of water for forty minutes, and dilute with eight hundred gallons of water. The Vermorel nozzle is the best, and should have more than one opening. Extension-rods are useful in spraying the tops of high trees, as a spray cannot be thrown any distance. Use Bordeaux mixture after blossoms form and before they open, and again immediately after the blossom falls, combined with arsenic. The second brood of the codling moth, which hatches thirty to forty days after the first, is much harder to control, as the poison will not adhere to the smooth surface of the apple. To control leaf-curl the copper sulphate should be used three or four weeks before the opening of the buds. Spraying is necessary, and fruit-growers are convinced they can no longer grow fruit without it. Experiments have shown that there is little danger to stock from pasturing under sprayed trees, or even when the grass is cut and fed immediately after spraying.

The Iris.

There are few more beautiful blooms than that of the iris, but it is not grown nearly so much as its great beauty warrants. The species consists of many varieties differing chiefly in shades of colour in the bloom, in which white to sky-blue largely predominates; but others are bright blue, grading down to the richest purple. In some, a trace of yellow veins or bands is seen. The English variety reaches a height of from 1 ft. to 2 ft., and flowers in May and June from bulbs planted early in the autumn. This particular

SCENTED IRIS.

variety is a fine border-plant in deep, light soil, and is invaluable for cutting. The species of which an Illustration is given is the sweet-scented iris (fleur-de-lys), a most desirable variety, delicately tinged with sky-blue on a white ground, and a yellow beard indented and waved. It will thrive almost anywhere, but is an object of beauty in mixed borders, the margins of shrubberies, or along the banks of a stream or lake. The Spanish and Palestine varieties are also very beautiful, and all are so easily grown that any amateur can readily form quite a nice collection.

Soot as a Fertiliser.

A very valuable stimulant for all kinds of vegetables, flowers, and also lawns, is that of pure, unadulterated soot. To test its value a dressing should be given to a plot of grass or breadth of vegetables about this time of the year. In a few days the foliage assumes a dark-green and healthy appearance, quite growing away from that portion undressed. Though soot contains a low percentage of ammonia, and cannot compare with the artificial dressings, it should not be taken away from a house where there is a garden of any extent. The carbonaceous matter in which these chemicals lie is by no means useless, as its application to growing crops greatly deters various pests from destroying the foliage. It is especially beneficial to those crops of which the leaves and stems are used, such as lettuces, cabbages, celery, and the like. A small quantity may be used with the soil for tomatoes and cucumbers. Soot-water is very beneficial to all kinds of pot plants. The clear liquid must be given, as the black particles stop up the pores of the soil and make the plant unhealthy.

Guernsey Cow.

My North-country correspondent must be careful in his selection of cattle from the Channel Islands, and, taking into consideration the part of the country in which he resides, he would be well advised to get stock, not from a native herd, but from one in the Midlands or West of England, where there are several public herds. The Guernsey is a beautiful cow, as will be seen from the

A GUERNSEY COW.

Illustration, and it is more easily acclimatised than the Jersey, hence its growing popularity in the northern counties. Its value in the dairy is indisputable and good, a character held also by the Jersey cattle. There is little doubt that the presence of the Guernsey in many of the finest breeds of the day proves that the breed has gained many friends since its introduction into this country by importers who are still the leading men in the trade. If after what I have said my Northumberland correspondent really wishes to go on with establishing his herd I will be pleased to give him an introduction to the owners of a good acclimatised herd.

All Rural Readers

should make it a point to order *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to be sent them by their newsagents regularly every Friday morning. Don't leave it to chance. Order it in advance to prevent disappointment.

N.B.—The "*P.I.P.* Farmer" will be pleased to reply to rural questions sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, W.C.

"WITH THIS RING—"

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON,

AUTHOR OF "FOUND GUILTY," "BIRDS OF PREY," ETC., ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The previous chapters of this splendid story, which began in No. 2168, show how two brothers, the Earl of Sheen and the Hon. James Fairfax, met their death in a railway accident. Alan, how young Lord Laleham (heir to the Sheen estates) sets out with his cousin Dermot Fairfax and other friends to witness a boxing contest in the East End of London. The fight proving something of a fiasco, they afterwards turn into a dancing-saloon in Hoxton. There Lord Laleham meets with Joy Melrose, a pretty and good Hoxton shop-girl. He falls in love with her and she with him. Dermot Fairfax, at the same place, meets Lizzie Tavener, with whom he philanders, to the discomfiture of her sweetheart, Joe Margles. Laleham and Fairfax quarrel at their club. As the days go on Lord Laleham and Joy Melrose continue to meet, their feelings towards one another deepening all the time. Meantime a strange man is suddenly attacked in a street in Hoxton.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

THEIR victim, too, caught the sound of wheels and made a yet more desperate battle to defend himself.

"Help! help!" he cried again; "make haste, I'm nearly done!"

"Help's coming!" cried a strong, clear voice, and in a moment one assailant was gripped by the collar, swung to the left, another went staggering to the right before a well-directed blow, and Lord Laleham, who had hastened in response to that cry for aid, bending over the man, lifted him to his feet, inquiring, "What's happened? Are you badly hurt?"

"I'm a bit bruised and sore," was the reply, after a pause. "I guess there's no bones broken, and they've got nothing."

"Let's follow them, and give them in charge. Quick! jump in my cab!" said Laleham, and he assisted to a seat the man he had rescued. But though the cabman whipped up his horse directly, pursuit was in vain, the ruffians having disappeared down a pitch-dark alley.

"What will you do now?" Laleham asked his companion? "I am going westward; where can I put you down?"

"You're real good," said the stranger; "say, shall we smile?"

"No, thanks," said Laleham dryly; "I am going some distance, and I'm not given to promiscuous smiling, and besides I should think you've had enough of this quarter."

"You bet," returned the other. "Guess I happened on what I didn't go out to find."

"You found two nasty cuts and contusions," said Laleham. "I think you'd better get them dressed as soon as possible," and he shouted through the butterfly, "Look out for a red lamp and pull up"; then cursorily glanced at his companion, who was busily occupied staunching his wounds and invoking maledictions upon their bestowers.

He was a thick-set man well past middle age, bronzed, grizzled, and of a rugged type, with the appearance of one who had battled with fortune, and, the crimson gleam of his diamond stud and rings betokened, not unsuccessfully. His speech had the nasal twang of the Britisher who has sojourned in America, and who out-Herods his American cousin in the matter of calculating and expectorating.

He tendered a card which Laleham, neither able nor anxious to read in that light, carelessly laid aside, then remarked, "See here, what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say it was anything," replied Laleham; "but here's a surgery; you'd better get your wounds dressed at once. Shall I help you out?"

"No, thanks," replied the other; "I can get right out and go right in. But say, what's your trouble worth?"

"Go to blazes!" answered Laleham: but the other protested, "Snakes! don't you get mad! Guess you're a smart young fellow and a real sport; but I reckon you can't show dimes to my dollars. You don't know!" Then thrusting a sovereign into the driver's hand, he remarked as the door slammed and the vehicle sped away, "That young man's real grit, but he don't waste his manners. But what of that? He got me out of a tight place where a little help was worth a lot of sawder."

CHAPTER X.

AND meantime, leaning back in a corner of that hansom speeding westward, Roderick St. John Fairfax was asking himself sundry questions. Where was this folly, fancy, infatuation, whatever its correct name might be, to end? Was it quite fair to Geraldine? Bah! what would Geraldine care? What would his father think of it—his father, who never preached to him or at him, but in a casual way dropped a hint that he expected the heir of the house to observe the bounds of decorum, particularly the border line between folly and blackguardism, and that he regarded *noblesse oblige* as something more than an empty phrase. Was it fair to the girl, the fairest of them all? And something in his heart whispered that, come what might, he should not be unfair to her, and he found himself counting the days, the hours, betwixt then and Sunday.

No. 13.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 327.)

"My dear! my dear!" cried Aunt Becky, "wherever have you been? How far did your uncle take you?"

"Only to the canal-bridge, dear."

"But what a time you've been coming back!"

"Oh! I wanted a walk, my head ached so to-day. The shop seemed so close and stuffy, I could hardly bear the scent of the flowers. It does at all times, especially in these days of blue skies and when the river's shining like a silver band between the fringe of the woods——" she checked herself, quoting his words.

"It strikes me, my dear, you're not quite the thing," said her aunt. "I hope you're not sickening for anything; you'll have to take a holiday, and go to the seaside for a day or two on one of the trips—Uncle and I were only saying so this morning."

"Oh, you dear, dear souls! How you do love me, both of you, don't you? And you always will, won't you?"

"Always will? Why, of course—of course! Why, whatever ails my lamb?" For all at once Joy had thrown her arms around her foster-mother's neck, her golden head was pillowed on the ample, tender bosom, and she was sobbing in a strange hysteria of gladness and sadness.

"Why, certainly, you shan't work to-morrow. I'll see to that," said the old lady. "Now, come, my dovey, let me make you another cup of tea; or will you have some broth?"

Joy shook her head. Then she rose and went to the window, looking at the stars in the sky—asking for an answer, a sign. Oh, should she make a clean breast of it all—tell this dear, good, loving soul how she had found a lover and lost her heart, ask her for guidance, sympathy? But then, Joy reflected, Aunt Becky had her own ideas; for the lower classes have their own pride, their own prejudices, and in many cases are as averse to alliances above their rank as the so-called upper classes to mating below theirs. Even then something told her it would be for the best to speak out. She remembered it afterwards—remembered it while reflecting on the pangs that might have been spared had she taken counsel of those dear hearts whose music and sunshine she, from her childhood, had ever been. Perhaps, as it was, she would

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have spoken, but that in the midst of her agitation the door opened and Lizzie Tavener entered—looking so woe-begone and bereft of her wonted air of bravado and self-satisfaction that the tart exclamation rising to Mrs. Dewsnap's lips remained unuttered; and the suspicion that Lizzie had been in some manner responsible for Joy's prolonged absence was banished by Miss Tavener's own remark on observing Joy's hat held in her hand and her jacket still upon her shoulders.

"Been out, dear? Where have you been to? Wish I'd known you were going. You don't mind my dropping in, Mrs. Dewsnap, but I do so want a talk with Joy."

No. 14.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 327.)

"All right, my dears," said the old lady. "You're not looking yourself, neither; the fact is, them work-rooms isn't properly well ventilated, and the hours is too long for young girls. Take off your things, Lizzie, and let me make you a cup of tea"—Aunt Becky's prescription for all the ills that flesh is heir to being that cup which cheers without inebriating; and, this administered, the worthy soul, impressing upon herself that girls were girls, and didn't always want old women mothering them, under the pretext of routing out Uncle Ben's defective socks, left Joy and Lizzie together.

Preoccupied as the former was with the all-important events of that evening, yearning as she was to be alone with the treasure that ever and anon beneath the pressure of her hands seemed to kiss her bosom, she had divined Lizzie was come in quest of consolation or burdened with a confidence, the redness of her eyelids suggesting the former. So that, after a pause, Joy, leaning over Lizzie's chair and stroking the abundant dark hair, that was perhaps chief of Lizzie's many vanities, inquired gently

"Now, dear, what is the matter?"

Miss Tavener felt better: even though her audience consisted of the irreducible minimum, she felt herself the centre of interest, a condition she characteristically regarded as hers by right inherent.

"I'm so unhappy," she whimpered; "and it's all through Joe. He hasn't spoken to me since our last dance-night."

"Is that all?" asked Joy.

"All! How would you like it, after the times he's told me he worshipped the ground I walked on!"

"But remember, Lizzie, you told him you didn't want to be bothered with his worship, and he'd better worship somebody else, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I said so; but then what one says to a young man——"

"But I didn't think you cared for him."

"What's that to do with it? That's no reason why he should leave off caring for me! You don't seem to understand, Joy."

"I couldn't understand being vexed over somebody I didn't care for not caring for me; in fact, I should be sorry if they did."

"Oh, but you haven't been used to being admired and having a lot of followers as I have, though you are a dear, nice girl. I think Joe has treated me shamefully!"

"But you weren't quite nice to him at the last dance, you know; you gave two waltzes you'd promised Joe to that strange gentleman who came with—with the other strange gentleman."

"That's what it's all about," said Lizzie; "fellows are all the same whether they're gentlemen or working-men, and that handsome, dark young fellow I danced with has behaved worse than Joe. You didn't notice, perhaps, but he was quite infatuated with me; and the way he talked while he was walking home with me! Told me I was out of my sphere in the East End, was a good deal more suited for Mayfair; he asked me where I lived, and said he shouldn't rest until he had met me again. It was all through him I was so huffy to Joe, and I haven't heard a word from him since. That's just like the swells—they're all attention and politeness; they make a fuss of you and you think they're madly in love with you—and off they go and you never hear or see them again."

"That's flirtation," said Joy; "but," she went on, as though thinking aloud, "when people love each other I don't think station makes any difference at all. It wouldn't with me."

"But you are a child yet," answered Lizzie, with the complacence of a year's seniority. "And such a simple, quiet, dear child, too; but I'm different. Joe's all very well in his way."

"And between ourselves, I think you care for him more than you own, even to yourself."

"But what's the good of caring for a lad like Joe? I should like to marry a gentleman—a real gentleman—who drank the best wine, smoked the best cigars, rode his horses, and took me about in a carriage. That handsome fellow knew what he was talking about. I'm out of my element; I was meant to be a lady, live in a fine house and be waited on by lots of servants, to drive in my carriage, and sit in the boxes of the theatres with everybody admiring my dresses and jewels. That's life, that is—all whirl and music and gaiety; if that life was mine I'd live it every minute, and if the chance of that life comes along, my girl, I mean to take it. That dark young swell was right; I ought to be upon the stage. Why, half the girls that drive the fellows crazy on the boards can't sing like me," and sitting herself at the piano, which was the Dewsnaps' pride and Joy's delight, Lizzie Tavener dashed off with accentuated abandon the popular refrain which for the moment all Hoxton was whistling, after which she sailed away from the abode of the Dewsnaps feeling considerably relieved by the outpourings of her confidences.

At the corner of the street she lived in a slouching form leaned against a post. It was Joe; and as she neared he raised his eyes in a long yearning regard, alert for any sign of hope or relenting. But Miss Tavener knew her man far better than that man knew his idol. And the idol passed, her chin in air, her eyes intent on anything in earth or sky save the sullen face, grey with heartache, that followed her as she went her way.

"I wonder," said Mr. Margles thoughtfully, "what will be the end of it all?—what she's going to bring me, heaven or hell? And through his somewhat torpid brain there floated dim memories of stories he had read—of men who had gone to the scaffold for slaying what they loved best on earth.

CHAPTER XI.

AT last—at last that Sunday came; and at eight p.m. Uncle Ben, in all the importance and discomfort of his Sunday apparel, and Aunt Rebecca, resplendent in her best mantle and a new bonnet with mauve strings, left Magnolia Street to join the long-looked-for excursion, proudly conscious that they were followed by the eyes of all the neighbours.

Then, having watched them round the corner, Joy ran up to her little room, stood a moment; then, seating herself before her looking-glass, gazed at her own flushed face reflected there, her hands clasped in a mute conflict of indecision. Was it wise, was it fair, to go, unknown to those who had so lovingly taken upon themselves the burden of her care? Oh, it would not be unwise; he was too good and true for there to be danger or unwisdom. Loving him all in all, she could trust him all in all. But was it fair to keep the secret from them? After all, there was nothing so far to be told; when there was she would tell them freely. Unloosening her blouse, she unclasped and gazed upon and kissed again the trinket he had given her—the heart of gold, token of his own, that she had won. Then, deftly, daintily, she attired herself in her best; and surely never glass gave back a sweeter, comelier reflection than hers that summer Sunday morning; and just as her toilette was completed, the last wilful kiss-curl reproved to order, the last coquettish bow duly secured, the last touch given to lace and chiffon—a knock came at the door. Gracious! could it be Uncle Ben and Aunt Rebecca returned? Had something happened to the brake? Blushing and paling, with fluttering heart she hurried to the door. It was Lizzie Tavener.

"What! dressed already? I'm so glad!" said Miss Tavener, arrayed in all her best. "Like my new hat? Lovely feather, ain't it? You look quite nice, too; I suppose you was coming round for me?"

Joy, reddening, stammered, "No, Lizzie, dear, I'm going out," and closing the door, they walked down the street side by side.

"Good gracious! You? Where? But there, it doesn't matter. I want you to put it off—you will, you must. It's like this: I think I've brought Joe to his knees now, and I've decided, if he begs my pardon, to make it up. I don't suppose I shall ever see anything of that young swell again——"

"I'm so glad, Lizzie, dear; and you 'll go and tell him."

"Go and tell him, indeed! I'm sure I shan't! But the band is playing this morning in Victoria Park, so I mentioned, quite casual like, to one of his shopmates who's certain to tell him, that you and I were going to hear it; and he 'll be sure to be there, and very likely he 'll bring a friend, and when he sees me I shan't turn my face away again, and he 'll nod and I shall smile, then it will be all right."

"Yes, yes, I'm so glad, Lizzie; only I must say good-bye, dear, or I shall be late."

"Late? Where? You're coming with me."

"I can't, dear; I've an important appointment I can't possibly break, and I must make haste. Good-bye, Lizzie, dear. And before Miss Tavener could recover from her surprise, let alone her indignation, Joy had tripped across the main road they had just reached, ascended a just-starting omnibus, and was gone; and Lizzie went her way, sadly afraid that Joy Melrose was a very sly as well as selfish girl.

Even when the 11.25 from Paddington slowed up between the platforms of the sleepy little up-river station, the delight of that journey

No. 15.

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THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN THEATRES.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

through the pleasant, fragrant country was still fresh in the Hoxton girl's heart; and surely of all the up-river girls descending from that train, there was not one more radiant, more exquisite, than Joy Melrose, the sweet oval of her face touched to a fresher pink by country air, the long-lashed grey eyes glowing in the shade of that dainty flower-basket of a hat with a happy light. So, at least, thought one who waited there, and as she descended he grasped both her hands, looking, she thought, handsomer than ever in his boating garb.

"At last—at last!" he exclaimed; and lifting the long lashes she replied, with a glance at a tiny watch in her wrist-strap, "The train is quite punctual, and we came by express."

"Yes," he answered gaily, "but any train would seem slow that was bringing you to me. Here we are, jump in!" for there within the station-gate stood waiting the dearest little Shetland, harnessed to the dearest little village-cart, outside Toyland. And presently, laughing and chatting merrily, they were spinning along the pleasant lanes towards where, across the wild rose-strewn hedgerows, the river was gleaming like a broad silver ribbon amid the green and gold and deep black of the fields and woods, until the toy pony, with a satisfied shake of his shaggy mane, pulled them up at the rose-smothered porch of the quaint riverside hostelry, blinking there in the sunshine of its latticed windows, amid the hum of bees and the murmur of the fantailed pigeons strutting and cooing about its gables and the eaves of its deep-red tiles.

A little rest, and then Joy was seated amid the cushions of the punt lying there at the bottom of the green velvet lawn, and her companion, divested of his blazer, was gracefully and skilfully poling her down the pleasant reach between the spangled banks, the shady groves, past the flowery palaces of house-boats, with overhead a cloudless heaven whose reflection changed her own grey eyes to blue. All around her sunshine, fragrance, music, the rhythm of lazy sculls, the swish of pole and punt, the whisper of summer air amid lush grass and reeds, and from afar the murmur of a weir, and, mingling with all, most musical of all, his voice.

Was she happy in her life? Yes, anyway as happy as those about her, happier than many; only, of course, if one might choose one's lot life would be much more beautiful amid her present surroundings. And then he, her companion, whispered, "Why not? Why should not life go on being lived amid such scenes? Why should it not be one long, golden, summer day?"

Just then they had landed with their lunch-basket, and had feasted beneath the shade of over-arching boughs close to the river's margin. Her lover, winding his arm around her yielding form, was whispering in her ear vows of love, of constancy, of a life's devotion, vowing that he had never really loved till then. And then it was his turn for confidences, though, sad to tell, his were not all sincere. Granted he told the truth, it cannot be claimed for him he told the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He still maintained the rôle of traveller, reconciling his elastic conscience with the reflection that he had been about a bit, that if he had not sold he had done more buying than his father had approved of. He was perfectly sincere in declaring that he loved her, and when he talked of marrying her and of a bijou cottage or villa residence somewhat close to town—well, his own little word-pictures pleased himself quite as fully as his companion. And he was really quite pleased with his own candour when he reflected that the name he had given her was his own; after all, his title was only a courtesy one, and she had asked no questions about it. And when Joy innocently, without the least idea of inquisitiveness, replied to his request to her to meet him again as soon as might be—the next evening, if she could—that she was not sure, but how could she let him know, he stammered a moment, then blurted out the name of an accommodating firm of tradesmen who carried on, in a street off Piccadilly, the business of wine-merchants with that of money-lenders at a more or less reasonable rate of interest.

No. 16.

£50 IS OFFERED YOU. (SEE PAGE 327.)

"Then that's your line of business?" exclaimed Joy. "How very nice! So genteel. Much nicer than travelling in things that aren't nice. But, Roddie, what will your relations say when they hear that you, a traveller in the wine trade, have been making love to a girl like me?"

"I don't consult my relations in these affairs—I mean in my affairs."

An electric launch, tender to a house-boat farther up, came humming down the stream. It might have been a fleet and passed unobserved by the happy pair, oblivious to all the world except each other. All the world, however, was not equally preoccupied. Dermot Fairfax, seated on the counter, was listening to Lady Geraldine's lament of the decadence of the upper reaches of the Thames.

"Wicked, I call it!" for they had just passed a steam launch filled with a holiday-party—and bottles. "These people spoil the upper reaches. Why can't they remain in their own part of the river—Battersea, or Lambeth, or Bermondsey—they're all that way down, aren't they?"

"Quite so," said Dermot, "where they toil and moil all the week. It's quite bad enough of Providence to have sent them into the world without sending them up the river."

"I am never quite sure when you are sardonic, Dermot," she said; and he, returning her steadfast gaze, replied, "I am scarcely ever in doubt as to when you are."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are a living and a very lovely sarcasm."

"Surely I am matter of fact with you, Dermot."

"Oh yes, but what is more sardonic than fact?"

"Oh, don't moralise. What's become of my fiancé? I understand the lawyers are absolutely beginning to haggle over the outlines of the settlements, and Roddie hasn't been near me for days. Have you two quarrelled?"

"Yes," he answered. "The blaze that so long has been smouldering has at last fanned into flame."

"What fanned it?"

"Who is it, as a rule, who fans? *Cherchez la femme.* We have found the woman." He fixed upon her face a gaze that seemed to fascinate her.

"Ah, Geraldine," he said, speaking rapidly but under his breath, for there were others within earshot, "I could forgive him all the gifts that Fortune had sent him—his coronet, the estates, all—all; but one thing I couldn't forgive him. When I heard that he had won your love—the one thing I prize above all the world—I hated him, and I shall hate him till I die!"

"Hush! hush!" she said; "and why speak of love? You know Lord Laleham sought my hand and it was given him: you know, too, that not even my father could give my heart. Dermot, you know that for a long while it hasn't even been my own. Oh, why is life all so awry? With all your ambition and with all mine wouldn't we have been happier, worlds happier, if we'd been lower down the scale—if I'd been just a nice girl, a lady, but of no rank to speak of, the type of girl, say, like that one seated beneath the tree there, wearing that pretty hat and blouse, ever so much prettier than mine, though nothing like so expensive, and you just a gentlemanly young fellow, like—— Why, Dermot, it's Laleham—Laleham! Don't speak loud, don't

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look hard, but watch, it's he! Tell me, who is the girl?"

He suppressed a laugh; then after somewhat accentuated hesitation, replied, "Really, you're putting me rather in a fix: besides, I can't claim the honour of the young lady's acquaintance."

"But you know of her, you know something about her," she answered hotly. "Tell me, who is she?"

"As a matter of fact, I believe the young lady occupied herself during the week in a shop in the vicinity of Hoxton."

"Hoxton! Where is Hoxton? A shop-girl!"

Her lip curled with angry bitterness. Surely Laleham might have exercised better taste if not better judgment in his faithless philandering. That was the sting of it: she scarcely blamed her fiancé for his attentions to another girl—she herself lived in a glass house; what she could not forgive was her rival being a shop-girl.

They had turned the river-bend. Swiftly, all but noiselessly, all but silently, the trim craft glided down the stream, and at length drew alongside a house-boat even more luxurious than any they had passed. For this was *Paradis*, the river home of Nathanael Higlin, a financial celebrity whose boast it was that whatever game he played he went one better than the rest. And it was Nathanael Higlin himself, arrayed in flannels of many stripes and colours, who greeted them on their return with the effusive *bonhomie* of the self-made man of millions.

"Glad you're back in time for lunch," he said, assisting Geraldine and other ladies of the party aboard; "and my man's put on such a sherry, a Montelade been three times to the Indies, and a port I took up at Prince Hochheimer's sale, bricked up eighty years. Don't you be afraid of it, you fellows; there's plenty more where that comes from."

"Yes; but I say, what right have you to wear Corpus colours?" growled Dermot, with a glare at the blue-and-red ribbon on Mr. Higlin's straw.

"Sorry," said the other; "I didn't know. My hatter sent me some patterns; I ordered a dozen of these. However, as its *infra dig.*, I'll give 'em to my man!" For, whereas towards the world at large Higlin adopted an air of affluent complacent patronage, he regarded Dermot Fairfax with a respect bordering upon deference. Dermot knew everybody and everything; had the *entrée* everywhere; and, though Mr. Higlin's wealth obtained him in this money-worshipping age the *entrée* to many clubs and circles otherwise select, he was the first to recognise that Dermot Fairfax was to the manner born. Besides which Dermot had more than once evinced an amount of shrewdness and business insight, together with a certain freedom from conscientious scruples, which had compelled Mr. Higlin's sincere admiration. So that it had come to pass that the man of reputed millions looked up to and regarded as guide, philosopher, and friend the self-possessed, well-bred man-about-town who lived up to a beggarly two thousand a year on an actual income of perhaps five hundred.

Less than ten years ago Mr. Higlin had been occupying a junior clerk's stool in the establishment he had entered as office-boy. He was neither particularly talented nor industrious, and his employers quite candidly expressed their opinion that his pound a week salary was fully worth his services. He was not a brilliant youth, and while he most commendably eschewed at that stage of his career playing cards, billiards, and backing horses, he gave the gambling instinct dormant in him full play in speculating his meagre salary, and occasionally the contents of the petty cash, in varieties of bucket-shop gambling. Later on, he applied himself to a study of the simple art of company-promoting, finding it delightfully easy, and learning of sundry tradesmen desirous from various causes to discontinue their business, and of certain astute City gentlemen ready at a moment's notice to form a syndicate to promote anything under the sun. And a little later, while men of brains, professional qualification, and experience were complaining of being too old at forty, and of the stress of competition in the learned professions and all fields of intellectual labour, Nathanael Higlin, deserting his office-stool for an imposing armchair before an imposing roll-top desk in an imposing suite of offices, was piling up a fortune by the simple expedient of acquiring going concerns—good, bad, or indifferent—at a given sum to the trustees of a company about to be formed by himself and his nominees at double the original price, and pocketing the bulk of the margin. He and Dermot had struck up an alliance, defensive and offensive. As Mr. Higlin put it that very night, when the bulk of the guests had retired: "You know, Dermot, you've got breed; I've got brass."

"You have." Dermot assented from the depths of his deck-chair.

"Now, you want brass," Higlin went on.

"And mean to get it, by fair means or foul," interposed Dermot, watching the blue smoke of his Havana ascending to the stars.

"And I want breed," Nathanael continued; his companion promptly and unflatteringly chiming in, "You want it damnably!"

The financier smiled. To one so accustomed to sycophancy and blatantly insincere flattery, the cool rudeness of the aristocrat was positively refreshing. "By-the-bye, do you know Lord Strathcline?" he asked.

"Oh, yes: I was at school with his son, the Master of Glencairn, and I've stayed with them. Why?"

"Got a lot of Army influence, hasn't he?"

"I believe he has. Again, why?"

"I'm bringing out the Accoutrement Supply Company Limited, in a week or two Think you could get him to come on my board?"

"Possibly I could; but I don't see what harm he has done me."

"You mean you want to know what good it's going to do you. Tell you what; I'll give you a thousand one-pound shares if you'll get him."

"And will you buy 'em back at par?"

"Yes."

"All right, I'll get him. I suppose it's all right? I mean I don't mind for a consideration landing my friends in the Chancery Courts, or, if it comes to that, in Bankruptcy, but I don't want to see a man who may have the right to recognise me in the Mansion House dock."

"My dear Dermot, you are as scrupulous as—I am, and I admire you for it, but it's all right; indeed, if Strathcline is wide enough to work the oracle for us, with his assistance it ought to be a real good thing for everybody. I wish you would get your uncle the Earl, or even Lord Laleham."

"Bide a wee, my friend."

"Laleham is in the Foreign Office, isn't he?—a useful chap to know. You might bring him along."

The other puffed reflectively at his cigar, then after a pause, said, "No, that would hardly work; not but what I'd like to lure Laleham to walk into your parlour, because, between ourselves, I owe him a grudge."

"Then there's something in it, that chatter about the tiff you had one night at the club, and that the waiters had to get between you. What was it about?"

"Oh, that was nothing," said the other; "I've owed him this grudge all my life. Besides he'd be a nice plump bluebottle to bring into that parlour, and we can do with bluebottles, Higlin, eh?"

"We thrive on 'em; which reminds me there's a man just over from the other side I want to get into that parlour."

"From the other side? A Yank? As a rule they're not much use to us."

"No, this isn't quite a Yank, a Britisher who's made his pile out there. I've met him in the States and had deals with him. They think him mighty 'cute; my notion is that underneath the bluff he's putty. He's bringing over here ten million dollars."

Dermot's black eyes smouldered with a thoughtful light.

"Ten million dollars! Why, then, Nathanael, it would be a sin if some of them were not for us!"

(To be continued.)

PLAYGOER P.S.

THE GLOBE will shortly be among the vanishing London theatres, the materials having been sold last week owing to the London County Council improvements. The sum realised was £152, the auction taking place on the stage.

"Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" is not bad as modern plays go, and it was admirably acted, especially by the two principal ladies, Miss Mary Moore and Miss Illington. The piece was described as "new and original," but it was in reality as "old as the hills," being a cleverly worked-up mixture of ancient farce, comedy, and melodrama, winding up with a hint of tragedy; but the whole was well put together, and much of the dialogue was smart and even witty.

The negro musical comedy at the Shaftesbury Theatre is a novelty, and an amusing one. The vivacity and energy of the black comedians and vocalists had almost a startling effect on the audience. There was little attempt at plot or sequence of incidents, but the entertainment, somewhat of the music-hall character, was received with great favour. It was called "In Dahomey," and concluded so abruptly that the visitors could not believe it was ended until the National Anthem was played. The entertainment is unique of its kind, and is well worthy of a visit.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's new comedy, "Sock and Buskin," is announced for production at Middlesbrough in the second week of June.

It is said that Madame Réjane, during her visit to London, will appear as Nora in Ibsen's "Doll's House," by special desire of the King. Madame Réjane will be seen in "Le Demi-Monde" and one or two other French plays seldom performed in London.

"The Country Girl" has been revised so thoroughly that it is like a new piece, and the audiences at Daly's have been very large and enthusiastic nightly.

"Quality Street" has reached its 250th representation at the Vaudeville.

"The Little Countess" has not enjoyed a long run. It ended on Saturday.

Miss Lily Hanbury has greatly benefited in health from her recent trip to South Africa. She reached London on May 23, and will shortly delight her many admirers by reappearing on the Metropolitan stage.

Mr. Herman Merivale has just returned from a tour in the East, and immediately on his arrival celebrated his silver wedding.

Miss Marie Corelli was announced to address the members of the O. P. Club at the Criterion on Sunday. The gifted writer has quite taken charge of Shakspere's birthplace.

Mr. Willard starts in London at the end of August at the St. James's Theatre. He has adapted the "Martin Chuzzlewit" of Dickens, under the title of "Tom Pinch," which is to be played on Saturday afternoons.

Mr. Holbrook Blinn is appearing at the Alhambra as a reciter, telling amusing anecdotes of Irish-Americans, of whose drolleries he has ample experience.

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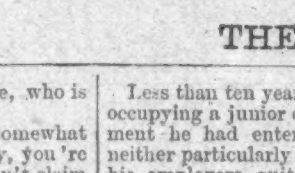

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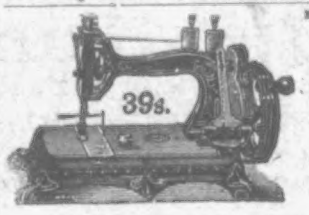

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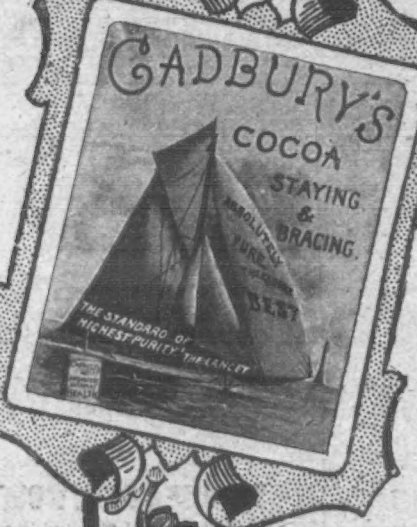

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